THANKSGIVIN' TIME.

HEN fields are full of fodder-shocks
An' all the shocks are full of corn,
An' when the frosted pum'kin mocks
The golden glories of the morn,
An' every night the farmer looks
His turkeys tighter in the barn,
An' when they all go up to roost
As high as ever they can climb,
Then we are apt to think it must
Be purty nigh Thanksgivin' time.

But when the corn has done been shucked
An' pum'kins made up into pies,
The farmer's turkeys likewise plucked,
An' both are dressed, but not likewise,
An' when the gobbler's done been cooked,
Whence many pleasant odors rise,
An' nothin' has been overlooked
That 'xhilerates an' satisfies—
Why, then, I guess no one misdoubts
Thanksgivin's here or hereabouts.

An' when they bring the turkey in,
All steamin' hot an' brown an' rich
With ev'ry kind of seasonin'—
Burnt brandy, pepper, sage and sich—
An' things 'at only winmen would
Know how to fix to make 'em good,
It's plumb astonishin' to see
How good we all feel inwardly,
As if we's made just thataway
A-purpose for Thanksgivin' day.

Sence I wuz born bald-headed I
Have scarcely seen such pum'kin pie,
Nor mince nor apple nor sweet cake,
Nor nuthin' as our folks kin make;
An' when I've thought of what I've et
I'm glad I've let but little spile,
For I have thought, an' I think yet,
When I've been dead a good long while
My jaws 'll rattle with regret,
An' when Thanksgivin' comes I'll smile.
—Puck.

A SAD THANKSGIVING.

It was a brief message that the smart-looking telegraph boy delivered at the cozy house on Cleveland avenue, but it was freighted with a world of happiness for little Mrs. Harris, to whom it was addressed:

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 14.—Home Thanksgiving. WILL.

Mrs. Harris read and reread the precious line.

"Dear Will, how thoughtful of him to cable! And it is nearly two weeks earlier than he expected to get through. See, Dorothy, papa is coming back to us again."

Dorothy dropped her dolly and pattered across the floor to her mother's side.

"Papoo, dee?" she lisped.

"Yes, honey, papa dear is coming home. Won't he be surprised to see how big you have grown, and what a good girl you are, and how many new words you can say? He will be prouder than ever of his little girl."

"Uh-huh," asserted Dorothy with the supreme confidence of her two years, as her mother tenderly swept her hand over the little one's glorious tangle of golden curls. "Papoo tum too mamma, Dzak, Dawsy."

"Yes, darling, papa will come and see mamma and Jack and Dorothy. Brother will be home from school presently and he will be glad, too, when he knows papa is coming so soon.

Mrs. Harris counted the days after the receipt of the cable. She knew that it would take about ten days for the ocean trip at that season of the year, and she feared a little for the safety of their loved one on the treacherous bosom of the great ocean. Sturdy little Jack was his mother's comforter through the days that dragged slowly on, and each night mamma and Jack and Dorothy knelt at the side of Jack's bed and united in a fervent plea to the Good Father to watch over their dear one and bring him safely home.

A week passed without special incident. There was something done in the way of preparation of the Thanksgiving dinner, which had been a feature with them ever since they were married. Mrs. Harris came of good old New England stock, and the Indian puddings, and mince pies, and "crullers" that invariably formed a part of this meal were always prepared by her own hands. Her husband insisted that no one else could make them taste so good.

The Thursday before Thanksgiving when little Jack came home from school his cheeks were flushed and he complained of his throat. Mrs. Harris, who never liked to take any chances, called the family physician, who said that it was nothing serious, though it should be carefully watched. The next morning Jack was worse—much worse—and that night was very bad indeed. When the doctor came he brought another with him, and their verdict struck a chill to the heart of the little mother.

"My dear madam," said the old doctor, kindly, "your boy has diphtheria of the most malignant character. We will do all in our power for him, but we gravely fear for the result. In the meantime the little girl must be kept in another part of the house."

Dorothy was banished to the upper floor, and Mrs. Harris sent for her sister to help her. Together they watched over the pillow upon which Jack's curly head tossed, and together they prayed. Ah, the terror of those nights; the hopes and fears that alternated in the bosom of that fond mother; the prayers that went up from the depths of that gentle woman's soul for the preservation of the life of her boy. "Oh, God, spare him to us," she pleaded; "let him live to glorify Thy name and bless Thee in the days when he shall have arrived at man's estate. Take him not from us, we pray Thee; heal his sickness and restore him whole to the arms of those who wait for him. Yet, if he must die, oh, our Father, we pray that he may be permitted to live to see his earthly father once more."

So she supplicated for the life of her first-born, and when she rose from her knees great beads of sweat were on her forehead. Her eyes were dry and hot. She stepped lightly to the side of Jack's bed. He had not stirred. His lips, parched by the fever's horrid heat, were swollen and cracked. His face had lost the brilliant flush it first bore, and was taking on the darker shade that tells the trained physician that hope is gone.

"O, why cannot Will be here to bear th's with me? Must our little one go before he comes? Heavenly Father hasten him on his way." Who can measure that poor mother's agony. None save those who have watched while the light has faded from loving, sunny eyes, and tiny hands dropped nerveless upon a breathless bosom.

Monday's papers noted the arrival at New York of Will's steamer, and if there was no delay on the way he might get home in time. That night Dorothy exhibited some unfavorable symptoms, and by Tuesday morning was in the clutches of the same dread monster that was taking the life of little Jack. No skill could prevent a catastrophe. There was nothing to do but await the end.

This was the home to which the loving husband and indulgent father came after his long absence that Wednesday evening. Jack had died early in the afternoon, and little Dorothy was going fast when her father let himself in with his latchk y. No hint of the situation had reached him. Hardly a mile of the thousands he had traveled on his homeward journey that was not marked by a thought of the beloved wife and little ones. How Jack must have grown! And he was going to school now. He was 7, little man, and would have so much to say about his teacher, and his slate, and his reader. And Dorothy! She always was her father's girl, anyway, and she would have many new words to say to him, and her mother, God bless her, would gladly welcome him, and would tell him all the odd things the little ones had said and done while he was gone. They were well, of course. Had he not humbly asked that the Master might care for and keep them in his absence? Had not this prayer been sincerely offered every night of the months he had been from home?

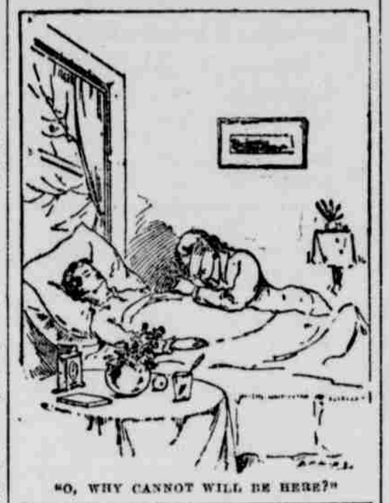
The house seemed strangely quiet as he hung up his overcoat.

"Hello there! Jack! Dorothy! Mamma! Where are you?"

The color left his face when his wan little wife threw herself sobbing into his arms. He learned it all in a few minutes. His Jack was gone. Dorothy was alive, but could not long survive. He nerved himself and tiptoed to the trundlebed where she lay.

"Dorothy, darling," he said, gently.

Slowly the big blue eyes opened and



"SO, WHY CANNOT WILL BE HERE?"

closed. A faint smile touched the poor parched lips. "Papoo, dee," she murmured faintly.

That was all. It was soon over. The solemn undertaker came with two little caskets and, accompanied by the father and mother, drove to the cemetery, where Jack and Dorothy sleep side by side.

The air was crisp and quickened the warm blood in the cheeks of those who faced it. Some of the church bells were ringing the call to Thanksgiving service as they returned.

They sat down at dinner with heavy hearts. On one side of the room stood Dorothy's high ehair; on the other was Jack's "safety," of which the little man was so proud. They bowed their heads reverently, as was their custom.

"Almighty God," he began in a broken voice, "we thank—we——" Then he stopped and, dropping his face upon his hands, wept like a little child.

A Conclusion.

Cooley (after the blow)—Aither thot bir-rd has a car-shpring shtuck in th' neck av him or ilse he's tough, Jamesey.—Judge.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Its Origin and Adoption Throughout the Country.

The first Thanksgiving Day held in America is believed to have occurred in February, 1631, at which date a vessel laden with supplies arrived to succor the starving colony at Charleston. During the following years frequent days of thanks were appointed in the New England colonies. At first these appointments were at different seasons of the year—sometimes twice in one year—and for special reasons. Thanksgiving Day was a national institution during the Revolution, and was annually recommended by Congress, but after a general thanksgiving for peace in 1784, there was no national appointment till 1789, when President Washington recommended a thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. In 1795 Washington appointed another national thanksgiving on account of the suppression of the insurrection of that year. In 1815 a day of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace was recommended by President Madison, but during the early part of the century Thanksgiving remained an institution peculiar to New England, but was not always held either on the same day or in the same month. The Protestant Episcopal prayer book adopted in 1789 recommended for a day of thanksgiving the first Thursday in November, and this day was observed by the church generally in States where there was no official thanksgiving appointed.

The first official appointment of a Thanksgiving day in the State of New York was made in 1817, but the Governors of Western and Southern States did not generally follow the custom until after 1850. Proclamations recommending special thanksgiving for victory were issued by President Lincoln in 1862 and 1863, and in 1863 and 1864 he appointed the annual Thanksgiving day by a national proclamation. Since that time annual thanksgiving proclamations have been issued by the Presidents, the Governors of the several States, and the Mayors of the principal cities. The last Thursday of November is celebrated as Thanksgiving day throughout the country.

DE CIRCUS TURKEY.

Dat ole turkey up'n de tree,
I bin pesta'n him 'n punchin' 'im sainee mohnin',
I nev sainee I was bo'n
See de way he do stick on.

I BLEEVE A GUN'S DE ONLY THING'LL DO 'IM.

En he pears ot look down at me 's if he's scornin'.

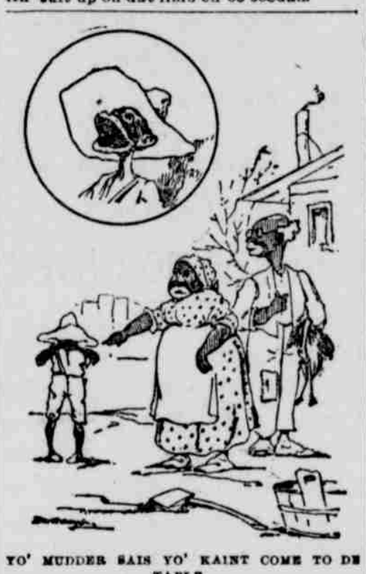
He does'n seem ter pear
Ter had a bit ob fear,
Kase Ise wasted all strength 'n bref upon 'im.

Hit may be he's in fun,
But I'll scah 'im wid dis gun,
Ise boun' ter git 'im down some way, dog on 'im.

Ise fro'd mos' all de sticks
In de yard, 'n all de bricks.
Ef yo' was me what under d' sun 'ud yo' do?
He does'n seem ter change,
'N pears ter act so strange,
I'd clar he mus' be pestah'd wid a hoodoo.

I tale yo' hits er fac'
I nearly broke mah back
Er hittin' shoes 'n brick bats up dar to' 'im
'Pon dis thanks gibbin' day.
I hate ter shoot, but say—
I bleebe a gun's de only thing'll do 'im.

I low I'll make 'im think
He kaint gib me de wink
An' sait up on dat limb en be secuah.



YO' MUDDER SAIS YO' KAINT COME TO DE TABLE.

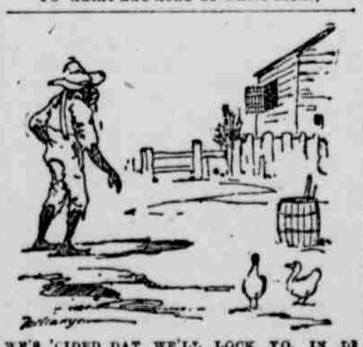
Biff!—I Bang!—! I'll make 'im sing;
Mah goodness, watch 'im swing.
W'y he's a rog'lah circus turkey suah.

Hi see de hull thing now—
Dat Rasmus boy, I low,
Has done gone tied 's feet up dar wid strings.
No wonder dat he tried
Ter come off; he was tied.
'N all what he could do was flap 'is wings.

Come hyar, yo' Rasmus, quick, sah?
Ise min'ter use dis stick, sah!
Come hyar, f'om ovah dah, f'om whar yo' stood.
I low I ought to lay yo'
Down on dat groun' en flay yo',
Ise tempted mos'ter use er stick o' wood.

Yo' kaint go to de meetin',
An' w'en hit comes ter eatin'
Yo' mudder sais yo' kaint come to de table.
I bet yo'll sing er tune,
Kase all dis afta'noon
We's 'cided dat we'il lock yo' in de stable.

Yo 'kaint hab none de white meat,



WE'S 'CIDED DAT WE'LL LOCK YO, IN DE STABLE

An' yo' kaint hab none de brown meat,
An' yo' jes hearn whut yer po' ole mudder sade;
Yo' kaint hab none de stuffin',
Er de cranber' sauce er nuffin',
An' cisely 't 6 o'clock yo' go ter baid.
—Chicago Post.

Turkey in Asia.

A Thanksgiving study.—Puck.

LITTLE WATERED STOCK THERE

One of the Numerous Good Points About Railroads in England.

The English railroads were far more expensive to build than ours. They had to pay for the land—and land is valuable in England; and the cost of depots, etc., was much higher than here, where all the land is given free and often a bonus in the way of city and county bonds for the location of machine shops, etc. When it is considered that the English roads cost so much more and get none of this assistance, one would think that it was far more difficult to pay dividends on the stock there than here, but the New Orleans Times-Democrat says this does not seem to be the case. A parliamentary inquiry conducted by the British Labor Commission into the English railroads, and more particularly into the wages paid employes, shows a condition of affairs highly creditable to them. The amount of money invested in railroads is $4,485,000,000, and authorized capital $5,000,000,000. It is here that the defects in our railroad system become apparent. The laws creating the British railroads keep their capital down very close to the actual cost; whereas, here the stock is watered time and time again, until often the capital of the company represents barely 10 per cent. of the money expended. "Water" is the reason why so many American railroads default in the payment of their dividends. The gross receipts per annum of the English roads are £80,000,000; but the working expenses reduce this by more than one-half, and the net earnings amount to £43,000,000 annually. The English roads, therefore, pay average dividends of 5 per cent. (4.8 per cent., to be exact), which is far above what our roads do.

Another point inquired into by the commission—and it was the matter most investigated by it—was in regard to wages. The evidence submitted showed that the number of men employed by the English companies is in the neighborhood of 350,000. This is a much larger number in proportion to mileage than are employed in this country, and proves that the British roads are better equipped—one of the reasons why there are fewer accidents there than here. It was also shown that the men had fully shared in the prosperity of the companies, and that their pay had increased more rapidly in the last eight years than the gross receipts, the improvement in wages being 21 per cent., and in railroad business only 12 per cent., and that there had been at the same time a material reduction in the hours of labor.

We boast a great deal about our railroads, and we undoubtedly lead the world in mileage; but it would be well to remember some of the facts brought out by this British commission: That we have too many accidents and kill too many people; that we do not pay as good dividends as the English lines, which cost a great deal more, and that American employes do not share in the increased prosperity of the roads as fully as they do in England.

For Peace or War.

The growth of international arbitration has not been as rapid as the friends of peace were at one time led to hope. In spite of arguments and practical examples the United States and Great Britain are almost alone in their adhesion to the principle. The other nations still hold to the stern and tested policy of getting what they can by individual bargaining, and fighting when they cannot agree.

The advantages of arbitration are easy to be understood. To say nothing of avoiding the slaughter of good, productive citizens, the financial advantages are almost wholly on the side of peace. Napoleon was a master hand at robbery and believed fully in the maxim of living off the enemy, yet in spite of all the money raised by taxation in France and the countries appropriated by France the debt had increased from 714,000,000 francs to 1,272,000,000 francs at the end of the fifteen years of Napoleon's government. This was, to be sure, a small increase, considering the fighting that was done, but when even the ruthless policy of Napoleon could not make war at the expense of the conquered no other may hope to be successful. Germany came nearest to it by collecting 5,000,000,000 francs of France and taking Alsace and Lorraine as the prize of the war of 1870, but the cost of the war in money and the still greater expense it has entailed in the enormous military establishment necessary to hold the provinces have made it a dear bargain.

The expenses of a war are great. In most cases the return is nothing. The combatants become exhausted, and after spending their blood and money come to a more or less friendly agreement and settle their differences on terms that might have been had without fighting.

When the United States and Great Britain came near going to war over the Alabama claims the whole amount in dispute was $100,000,000. If they had fought the whole amount in dispute would have been spent in military preparations before a blow was struck and both sides would have spent ten times that amount a year till the war closed. Arbitration in that case saved hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of lives to each side, and the result was honorable if not satisfactory to both sides. It is true that England felt sore that the award went against her—not for the $15,500,000, for she would have willingly spent a hundred times that amount in defending her dignity, but for the fact that she was declared to be in the wrong. But whatever disappointment was felt both countries have found the proceedings so sensible that they are settling the Behring Sea dispute in the same manner.

Other countries, however, show no intention of laying aside the sword for the legal argument. It may do well enough for kindred countries or in cases where the disparity of power is so great as to make war ridiculous. But between blood enemies it finds no favor. Germany faces her armies toward the French and Russian frontiers; Austria-Hungary watches for the Cossack camp fires; France snarls at England's stay in Egypt, and all the powers are ready to fly at one another's throats as soon as some accident shall start a fight in any quarter. There is no thought of arbitration, and apparently nothing to arbitrate.

Possibly after the next great conflict the other powers will see the advantages of settling their differences peaceably, but it does not look as though they would come to that mind until they have experienced again the full disadvantages of war.

But Where's the Quarter?

"Did you ever try stamping a coin with your name and sending it out on its journey?" said Bourke Lenord, of Montreal. "Four years ago I did that. I stamped a quarter while in New York City and passed it the same day for a basket of grapes. Three days later I left the city. I went direct to Mount Clemens, Mich., from New York and put up at the Avery House. I hadn't been there two days before a friend of mine, and a commercial tourist, came to the same house and took rooms. I was sitting out on the piazza listening to the music that they have every evening, when he came up and said:

"'I've got something here that belongs to you, Leonard.'

"'What's that?' I asked.

"'When did you stamp this quarter?'

"'Not over four days ago,' I said, rising up in surprise. He held it out to me, and, sure enough, there was my coin. He had been in New York at the same time, and had received it in change from a saloon on the Bowery. Well, that was once. That same quarter came to me a year later while I was stopping at the Alexander House. A drummer friend of mine had picked it up in Kansas City, and had held it for me. I turned that quarter loose again upon the market, and within six months I had it again, brought, of course, to me by a friend of mine who had taken it in change from some hotel clerk down in Indiana. Well, I took it up and passed it again. From that time on until now I have never seen it, but there is no telling. I expect to run across it shortly. A friend of mine stamped his name on one six years ago and sent it out, but it failed to return. Must have been taken up by a bank and sent to the Treasury. I don't think it would go that long without coming back It's interesting if nothing else. You want to try it."

A Sad Want of Originality.

The Crown Prince of Denmark furnishes a curious example of the nomenclature practiced by royal families. The rule in Turkey was that Amurath should succeed Amurath, and in England that George should succeed George or Henry should follow Henry. In Denmark, however, the rule has long been that Frederick should succeed Christian and Christian Frederick.

This is confusing enough to write intelligibly, but it is still worse in practice. Nearly every Danish king is named Christian or Frederick, and so the difficulty of distinguishing between them is great.

The present king is Christian the Ninth. He was the son of Frederick the Seventh. He will be succeeded by Frederick the Eighth, who in turn will be followed by Christian the Tenth. The mere fact that the present Crown Prince is known as Frederick, and that if he died before his father he would be succeeded in his rights by his son, Prince Christian, is nothing at all.

All the sons of the royal house of Denmark are Christian and Frederick, and therefore, from the point of view of mere nomenclature, it does not matter which of them succeeds to the crown. The next two lots in crowned heads in Copenhagen would be labeled Frederick the Eighth and Christian the Tenth, under any circumstances.

In many princely German families every male who is born is christened by the hereditary name. The result of this peculiar custom may be illustrated by the fact that in the reigning house of Reuss the Henrys run up to Henry the Sixty-ninth.

He Had a Limit.

The dude was visiting the penitentiary, accompanied by an official and a newspaper man, and the party were talking to one of the prisoners.

"Have a cigarette?" said the dude as they were about to depart, offering him a package.

"Much obliged," responded the prisoner shaking his head. "I've stole hosses, and robbed chicken roosts, and broke into houses, and killed a man or two, and had four or five wives, and made counterfeit money, but I never smoked cigarettes, and, heaven helpin' me, I never will. So long," and the cell door went to with a bang as pronounced as the one the dude wore in his hair.

THERE is a pretty general consensus of opinion that Lady Cavendish has been making a mountain out of a molehill in her pictures of English fashionable life. When a woman starts in to find fault as a public vice deplorer it may generally be expected that unless she has a hard-headed, practical editor to blue pencil her gush she will be apt to flop over.

DAVID C. COOK.

The Pioneer Publisher of Literature for Sunday Schools.

David C. Cook, the Chicago Sunday School publisher, was born in East Worcester, New York, in 1850, a son of Rev. E. S. Cook, a Methodist minister, a cultured and scholarly man. Since earliest childhood he has been devoted to the Sunday School. In boyhood he joined the church, and began teaching in the Sunday School at the age of seventeen in the West Division of Chicago, and for four years following taught most of the time in two or three schools each Sabbath.

DAVID C. COOK.

The fire of 1871 was the beginning of his mission and Sunday-school work on the North Side. His field was one of the roughest and poorest of the burnt district. Here, in a German theater and beer-hall, he organized "Everybody's Mission," afterwards removed to a building of its own. With an attendance of 350 to 450, he sustained the school for five years without the aid of church or society.

Besides this, he has since organized and superintended North Avenue Mission, Lake View Mission, Lake View Union Sunday-schools in Chicago, and the Sunday-school connected with Grace Church in Elgin, Ill., besides several smaller schools.

His first publications were issued for his own Sunday-schools alone. Neighboring Sunday-schools, appreciating the value of these helps, became his first subscribers. Soon Mr. Cook discovered that his were not the only schools that needed more and better literature than they could afford to buy at the prices then existing, and resolved to make it his life work to place in the hands of the Sunday-school children of the land an abundance of the very best literature at the lowest possible prices.

He was met at the very outset with almost insurmountable obstacles and lively opposition; but the obstacles and opposition only furnished zest, for he is a man of purpose, and it has been well said of him, "his indomitable energy demands insurmountable obstacles." That his purpose was good and wise is proved by the way he has been supported.

It is seventeen years since he issued his first publication, and there is now scarcely a village or hamlet in the land where they are not known and used. He employs regularly six associate editors and some sixty writers, representing some of the ablest Sunday school talent in the land.

Among those who know him personally he is always recognized as a man of strong Christian character, a practical worker in the church, Sunday school and temperance cause, and a warm friend of missions, both home and foreign.

Sea Legs Are Needed.

"I tell you it requires a good deal of practice to be able to stand in the cab of a rapid-running passenger train and fire coal into the boiler," said an employe, in speaking of the risks run by trainmen, to the Burlington Hawkeye.

"The engine rocks, sways and fairly jumps at times under his feet, and if the fireman doesn't mind his p's and q's he is liable to lose his balance and be flung from the rapid-gaited train. This is more especially the case in rounding a curve. There, if the balance is lost, the fireman may be hurled from the train. I remember a case in point which happened a comparatively short time ago on the Fort Wayne. A fireman was flung from his engine one dark night as the train was rushing along. Of course he was soon missed and a search made. He was found and, wonderful to say, was not seriously injured."

Fine Playing Cards.

Send 10 cents in stamps to John Sebastian, Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agt., C., R. I. & P. R'y, Chicago, for a pack of the "Rock Island" Playing Cards. They are acknowledged the best, and worth five times the cost. Send money order or postal note for 50c. and will send five packs by express, prepaid.

SOME family trees are very shady.